

Book of the Play,

John of Gaunt in Love;

John of Gaunt ^{O R,} Duke of Lancaster.

Miss MERMOT's Preferment.

Containing the Amours of these two Lovers,
from the Time of their first Meeting in
Pall-Mall, to the Consummation of
their Wishes, at Windsor.

A BALLAD FARCE,

As it is to be Acted at the Great Booth in
Bartholomew-Fair.

L O N D O N.

Printed for D. Thompson, near Smithfield,
In the Year 1749.



JOHN of GAUNT in Love, &c.

SCENE I. A Tavern in Pall-Mall.


John of Gaunt alone.

WHAT strange Work does Love make in this little World of ours? It is a Dram that only warms the Stomach of a Fool, but turns the Head of a Wise Man topsy-turvy. If I should be discover'd, I have to a fine Purpose sent to this little Gipsy, whose Possession of me is absolute, yet the approaching Minutes promise me Joys I never knew before; at the same time that I oblige her Brother, I shall converse with my adorable——examine of what Materials that beautiful living Lustre is compos'd! O the dear Hope!

A I R I. *Sawny was tall, &c.*

Hope, that Nurse of young Desire,
Fairy Promiser of Joy,
Beauteous Prospect, Gloweworm Fire,
Delighting, never known to cloy.
Kind Deceiver, flatter still,
Let me be in Wishes blest;
My Breast with fancy'd Raptures fill,
And Pleasures, tho' in Dreams possess'd.

Enter



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Enter a Drawer.

John of Gaunt. Have you taken Care, as I bid you?

Drawer. Every thing will be ready; but, Sir, with Submission, what must be done with her Brother, the Lad seems to be in the Dumps, fearing he shall lose his Sister!

Gaunt. Let him know that he shall go with her; and when the Time comes for her going, leave him behind; I trust you will take Care of those Matters.

Exit the Drawer.

Enter Miss Mermot, twirling round her Whirligig, and singing to the Tune of, The Midsummer Wish.

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze,
To Windsor's shady kind Retreat, &c.

Scene changes, and discovers *Miss Mermot*, hastily driven in a Post-Chaise along a Road, her Brother lifting up his Hands, and crying,
O! I shall lose my Sister!

Enter Miss Mermot's Brother.

Brother. Was ever any wretch like me? my Sister! my Sister's gone, I know not where, nor when she will return. O! Newton's Lane, mourn her Loss, and condole with me in this Misfortune

Enter

JOHN OF GAUNT in Love, &c.

[Scene II. *A Walk leading to a pleasant Park.*

Enter Gaunt, and Miss Mermot.

Gaunt. Fairest of the Virgin Throng,

Dost thou seek thy Swain's Abode?

See yon fertile Vale along,

The new worn Path the Flocks have trod,
Pursue the Prints their Feet have made,
And they shall guide thee to the Shade.

Mermot. As the rich Apple, on whose Boughs
Ripe Fruit with streaky Beauty glows,
Excels the Trees that shade the Grove,
So shines, among his Sex, my Love.

Beneath the ample shade I lay,

Defended from the sultry Day;

His cooling Fruit my Thirst assuag'd;

And quench'd the Fires that in me rag'd,

'Till lated with the luscious Taste,

I rose and blest the sweet Repast.

Gaunt. My Charmer, since we have taken
this sweet Repast, there's the Reward of your
Condescension [Gives her a Purse of Gold] and
now you may depart for the present; what
may happen further, shall be the Subject of
another Opportunity, 'till then, I desire you
to live Recluse.

Mermot. To part is Death! but, when I
am commanded, I must, and will obey. This
Gentleman loves me truly, he must — my
Heart will have it so; his elegant Behaviour,
his decent Manners! there is so much of the
Gentleman in every thing he says or does!

A I R

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A I R. *The Jewel in the Tower.*

Oh, my Heart ! my doating Heart,
By foolish fond Desire betray'd,
Takes the fond Deceiver's part,
And gives the Foe its Rebel aid.
In Doubt I live ; distracting Pain,
And Fear, and Hope, divide my Breast ;
Now, what I wish, unwish again,
Nor with him, nor without him blest.

Mermot, her Brother, and several of their Country Musicians meet at a Gin-Shop in Newtoner's Lane.

1st Musician. Madam, I now call you so, we are come to wish you Joy on your late Preferment ; I hope our coming is not unreasonable, as we were all so well acquainted before this lucky Adventure happen'd ; It is look'd upon by us as an Honour conferr'd by you, as well as the rest of the Lasses of our Fraternity, for who knows what they may all come to——But, as formerly, suffer me to kiss your Hand.

Mermot. Saucy Fe-low ! no more of your Impertinence ; you surprize me, that you dare talk at this impudent Rate. What, do you think I don't know the World better than to converse with such mean, low-liv'd Beggars as you. Here, bring me my Riding Dress, that I may go take a Lodging in some of the great Streets about Grosvenor-Square.

Mermot's Brother. My dear Sister, I was almost

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most distracted when you went from me, fearing some Harm might happen to you; I hope you han't been abus'd by the Gentleman whom you appointed to meet—

Mermot. Poor silly Lad! abus'd! No, no, I've not been abus'd. If you had ask'd me whether I had been baulk'd in my Expectation, I could soon have given you an Answer— But, to fare well and cry Roast Meat, is not proper— So, mum for that ——— I'll sing you a Song.

A I R. *As down in a Meadow.*

Alas! how unhappy is that Woman's Fate,
Who has lost her dear Virtue, that mighty estate
How wicked mankind! who are still laying Inares
To catch our dear Virtue, when it nods unawares
How great is that Woman, how happy & wise,
Who keeps her dear virtue, & Gold can despise
But she is most happy, who well knows to hold
At once her dear virtue, & her lover's dear gold.

And now, Brother, that you may have no
Occasion to be uneasy at my absence for so
small a time, there's something for your Com-
fort (Gives him three Pieces of Gold) but be-
sure you never make an Outcry after me at
any other Time.

Brother. I'm afraid your Character will be
blasted, which 'till that time was unspotted;
and then, what will your Riches signify? How-
ever, I will sing an Answer to your Song.

A I R

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A I R.

O cursed Power of Gold
For which all Honour's sold,
And Honesty's no more!
But for thee we often find,
The Great in Leagues combin'd,
To trick and rob the Poor.
By thee the Fool and Knave
Transcend the Wise and Brave,
So absolute thy Reign:
Without some Help of thine,
The greatest Beauties shine,
And Lovers plead in vain,

Mermot. Let us, Brother, and all our
Tribe rejoice at this lucky Affair. The Plea-
sure I had during my short stay in the Coun-
try, makes ample Satisfaction for all my known
Wants heretofore. A Sample of which I shall
here give you.

Enter Gaunt.

Gaunt. Sweet Nymph, whom ruddier charms
adorn,
Than open with the rosy Morn;
Fair as the Moon's unclouded Light,
And as the Sun in Splendour bright;
Thy Beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glittering Arms that gild the War.

Mermot. O take me! stamp me on thy
Breast!
Deep let the Image be impress;

For

JOHN OF GLORY IN LOVE.

For Love like armed Death is strong,
Rudely he drags his Slaves along;
If once to Jealousy he turns,
With never-dying Rage he burns:

Gaunt. Thou soft Invader of the Soul!
O Love, who shall thy Power controul!
To quench thy Fires whole Rivers drain,
Thy burning Heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the Globe to try,
If powerful Gold thy Joys can buy:
The Treasures of the World will prove,
Too poor a Bribe to purchase Love.

CHORUS.

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F I N I S.



